

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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IMMORTAL YEARS.

They come, they linger with us, and they go,
The lovely years!
Into our hearts we feel their beauty grow;
Through them the meaning of our life we
know,
Its joys, its fears.

They whom God sent us, robed in sacred light,
Out of His sky,
With snow and roses, stars and sunbeams
bright—
Too beautiful they must be in His sight
Ever to die.

Though down the long, dim avenues of the
Past
Their swift feet fled,
In His eternity the rooms are vast;
There wait they, to be ours again at last,—
They are not dead.

Are they not in immortal friendship ours,
Always our own?
Never in vain bloomed one of their sweet
flowers,
Whose rose-breath up through blessed Eden
bowers
Climbed to His throne.

Immortal by their sadness, in our thought
That lingers yet;
Their gracious rainbow-smiles, with clouds
inwrought;
Their gentleness that from our errors caught
Shadowy regret.

The immortal years—they are a part of us,
Our life, our breath;
Their sorrows in our eyes hang tremulous—
Ours in a union tender, glorious,
Stronger than death.

Poorer or richer, with us they remain
As our own soul;
None shall divorce us from our mutual pain,
Nothing shall take away our common gain
While ages roll.

Out of the years bloom the eternities;
From earth-clogged root
Life climbs through leaf and bud by slow
degrees,
Till some far cycle heavenly blossom sees,
And perfect fruit.

And nothing dies that ever was alive;
All that endears
And sanctifies the human must survive;
Of God they are, and in His smile they thrive,
The immortal years.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE INCREASE OF CHRIST.

"He must increase, but I must decrease."—JOHN iii, 30.

"He must increase!" So speaks John the
Baptist, of Jesus. He regards his own mis-
sion as merely preliminary, preparatory, and
transient. He compares his work to an out-
ward washing and the work of Jesus to an
inward purification. "I indeed baptize with
water, but he shall baptize with the Holy
Spirit and with fire." The difference is like
that between earth and heaven.

Let us take John and Jesus as types, or
representatives, of two states or stages of
spiritual development. The first is good so
far as it goes, but good only because it leads
on to the second, which is immeasurably in
advance. As the sun approaches, the bright-
est star of morning pales away and disap-

pears. As more vital and spiritual forces come into activity, every lower form of religion must go to the rear. But such changes take time. John was the leader and founder of a great sect of reformed Jews,—a sect of which traces were found, many years later, in different parts of the Roman empire, though from the time of his tragic death his personal influence diminished. John felt that his own work was superficial, and he saw in Jesus the divine instrument and agent for the overthrow of the false and formal and the establishment of the true and spiritual. Merely to clear away the rubbish was a small matter indeed compared with building a temple more glorious than Solomon's—a temple whose foundations were to be laid in human hearts.

History continually repeats itself. At every genuine step of progress along any line something is left behind. As the higher form increases, the lower decreases.

It has been the faith of the Christian Church that Jesus represents the eternal and all-mastering spiritual element in human affairs. The spirit had said, through Ezekiel, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it to him." The prophet Daniel "saw in the night visions, and behold, there came in the clouds of heaven one like unto a son of man; and he came even to the Ancient of Days; and there was given to him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all the peoples, nations, and languages should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." The writer of the Book of Revelation sees the same vision in a different form,—“I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer.”

The hope of better days for humanity generally takes the form of a glorified image of the past. The fabled Age of Gold will come back again, or Eden will be restored with unheard of splendors, or there will be a New Jerusalem that will make the old forgotten. But, as oppressions and miseries increased, the national expectation grew all the more passionate, and any fanatic or impostor who would proclaim himself the Messiah and raise the standard of revolt against the impious Syrians or the hated Romans could lead a multitude to certain defeat and slaughter.

But might not the great Hope of Israel be fulfilled in some unexpected way? Might not the true Kingdom of God come without outward observation or blast of trumpets?

Might not the true Deliverer be disguised as a man of sorrows, suffering for his brethren to turn them from their iniquities?

The patriotic frenzy of the Jews was only one local and distorted form of the hopefulness which is at the heart of the race, and which never quite dies out of our humanity. Is it not the desire of all nations that *deliverance* should come, that peace, prosperity, and happiness should be universal, that every wrong thing should be overthrown, and that every good thing should be established? Whenever a great leader arises, whenever a strong man steps to the front, is there not a rustle of excited expectation which makes the people ask, "Art thou he that should come, or must we look for another?"

If this tendency has played into the hands of ambitious pretenders and false guides, why might it not also help mankind to find true benefactors and saviors? And so it has. Moses among the Hebrews, Zoroaster in Persia, Gautama in Eastern Asia, Mohammed among the wild tribes of Arabia, and in later times Luther, Wesley, and Channing, have all illustrated the value of leadership in the things of the spirit. The personal factor cannot be spared. We are all dependent on it. We are all helped by it.

But the greatest of men is he who must willingly make himself a servant, he who puts himself behind his principle and stands for a cause at his own cost. George William Curtis says that, "When we hear the name of Washington, we think of great citizenship." So the nobler personality merges in impersonality. We are not enslaved by such leadership. We are liberated and enlarged, because encouraged and inspired. We shall know the true King when we meet him. He will make kings of us all. He will invite us to share the throne. He will teach us to look for the kingdom and the law within our own bosoms, so that, instead of coveting dominion over each other, we shall reign over ourselves.

I think this explains why Jesus came to be accepted as the Messiah or the Christ. Those who received him saw that he was anointed with the Holy Spirit. He seemed to fill out the great expectation of the prophets in a higher sense than worldly men looked for. He met the deep and passionate longing of the human heart for more than political deliverance. In proclaiming the supremacy of truth and goodness, he won the allegiance of reason and conscience. He seemed to be the messenger of God because he spoke things worthy of God and most exalting to man. So the Jewish believers said, "We

have found the Messiah," and the Gentile believers called him the Christ.

But just as the name of Moses stands for the whole Hebrew law, which was a thousand years in growing, just as the name of Plato stands for a school of philosophy, and just as the whole Protestant Reformation seems to be summed up in Luther, so the word "Christ" soon came to stand not alone for Jesus, but for the whole movement of true religion before his time and since. I think he may have felt that the Spirit which dwelt in him was older than Abraham; *i.e.*, older than the Jewish Church, older, even, than the foundations of the world. We must also take account of the high-wrought language of the Semitic people. The Jews express the pre-eminence of Moses by calling him "the father of all the wise men that came after him and the father of all the wise men that came before him."

In this high sense we may apply the name of Christ not alone to Mary's son, but to the same power of grace and truth as it was manifest "in oldest times, on farthest shores," and as it has been manifest in some degree to all people.

All other powers decrease that this may increase. The march of events through the ages, the migrations of mankind across lands and oceans, the rise and fall of kingdoms, the development of civilizations, policies, philosophies, and religions,—all are of little value except as they are tributary to the evolution of man, which is the central idea of "God in history." And this is but another phrase for the continual coming of Christ, the progressive incarnation of the divine in the human.—*Charles G. Ames.*

THE STILL HOUR.

NOT KNOWING.

"Not knowing the things that shall befall me there."—*ACTS xx. 22.*

I know not what shall befall me;

God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And thus, each step of my onward path,
He makes new scenes to arise,
And every joy he sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me

As I tread on another year;
But the past is in God's keeping,
The future his mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;

The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be he keeps waiting
Till the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It stills me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light,—
I would rather walk with him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word, "He knows!"

—*Miss M. G. Brainerd.*

PRAYER.

O Lord, thou knowest what is best for us;
give what thou wilt and when thou wilt;
deal with us in all things as seemeth to thee
good. Behold, we are thy servants: we
would not live unto ourselves, but unto thee.
May we always desire and will that which is
to thee most acceptable and most dear!
Let thy will be ours; and grant us, above all
things that can be desired, to rest in thee,
and in thee to have our hearts at peace.
Amen.—*Anonymous.*

"For our children's sake and our children's children to the third and fourth generation, let us with mature judgment and wise forethought see to it that good seed is sown wherever it promises to yield an abundant harvest. Let us here to-day renewedly consecrate ourselves and all that we have and all that we are to the service of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Freely we have received, freely give. Life becomes best worth living when we best understand its highest uses. Let us work while it is day. The night cometh when no man can work."—*William G. Eliot.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Bertrams," "Barchester Towers," Trollope; "Nature and Life," "The Simple Truth," Robert Collyer; "Unpublished Letters," Thackeray; "Adam Johnstone's Son," Crawford; "Cyrano de Bergerac"; "Miss Angel"; "Lalla Rookh"; "Little Comedies"; "The Pastime of Labor," M. E. Wilkins; "An International Episode," "A Bundle of Letters," "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," Henry James; "Burns's Poems"; "Holy Roman Empire," Bryce; "The Story of Christine Rochefort"; "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches"; "The Last Days of Pompeii"; "Sowers, not Reapers"; "English Lands, Letters, and Kings, from Celt to Tudor"; "Life of Sterling," Carlyle; "Essays in Miniature," Repplier; "Pope's Poetical Works."

REQUESTS.

1. I am a school-girl, sixteen years of age and have six sisters and one brother, all fond of reading. I shall be glad to get the following works: "Pride and Prejudice," Jane Austen; "St. Elmo"; the second volume of "Self-Raised; or, From the Depths." I would be glad of some dialogue books or any good reading. Address, Miss Victoria Luck, Bumpass, Virginia.

2. Miss Sarah Macy, Bristow, Nebraska, would be glad of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, beginning in January, 1911.

3. Mrs. Elva Robinson, 464 Finley Avenue, Montgomery, Alabama, would like *Good Housekeeping*, *Table Talk*, and *Ladies' Home Journal*.

4. Mrs. Council Brown, P.O. Box 48, Newbern, North Carolina, would like reading and a fashion magazine.

5. Mrs. Bettie A. Short, Elamsville, Virginia, "sixty-one the 19th of December," who signs herself "your lonely old friend," would be glad of reading, and particularly of the following: "Intra Muros, a Dream of Heaven," by Rebecca R. Springer; "The Days of Mohammed" and "Ohonina" by Annie M. Barnes.

6. I am so anxious to get the books "An Old-fashioned Girl" and "Uncle Remus." Mrs. A. D. Thomas, R. Box 60, Jackson's Gap, Alabama.

7. I am just thankful of any reading, as I am getting old and not having good health. I have two children with me, a girl seventeen and a boy fifteen. They are glad to get hold of anything you send. I will be looking for some good book and magazine. Mrs. M. E. James, R. F. D. 2, Box 100, Unionville, North Carolina.

8. Will some one kindly send Mrs. W. L. Myrick, Deerfield, Florida, "The Missioner," by Oppenheim, and current numbers of the *Youth's Companion*?

9. Mrs. Alice Adkisson, Lamesa, Texas, asks for any good reading, a red letter Bible or any books suitable for children. I will pass all reading on to some one else. I also desire to thank all who have remembered me in the past.

10. I am pleased that my name has been given to you. I guess that Miss McL. told you of the little library that I have collected for myself and others. Living on an island, as we do, we do not have access to any public libraries, and books would be acceptable. Would it be asking too much to ask some of the members to send me a post card? Views are preferred. I enjoy seeing pictures of the places I never expect to see. Perhaps you have some friends that could send me some stereoscopic views. I enjoy looking at them and letting others see them. Many, many thanks for your kindness. Mrs. H. D. Brainerd, Captiva, Lee County, Florida.

11. I write to ask that you adopt into the Book and Magazine Club Miss Emma Meader, Pleasant View, Virginia. She is a member of my Sunday-school class, and, living in a remote country home, is much cut off from the society of young people. She is the oldest girl of a family of ten, so any literature sent her will be thoroughly appreciated. I have been a member of your society for six or seven years, and it

has added immensely to the pleasure of every member of my family. Again thanking you for the warm friends I have found through the *Cheerful Letter*, I am sincerely Mrs. E. L. Pryce, Chestnut, Virginia.

12. I am a reader of the *Cheerful Letter* and would be thankful for reading, letters, and picture cards. I have been an invalid two years. Would greatly appreciate something for myself and my little nine-year-old daughter and eight boys. Would be very grateful for *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mrs. J. W. Jennings, Boylin Avenue, Raleigh, North Carolina, formerly of Greensboro, North Carolina.

13. Mrs. M. L. Daniel, Farmville, Virginia, wishes friends at Weston, Mass., to know how much she has enjoyed the magazines which they have sent, and how greatly their kindness has been appreciated.

NOTICE OF DEATH.

Miss Sallie Aycock of Wadesboro, North Carolina.

Will any one corresponding with Mrs. Flora Slawter or Mrs. Mary Moran of Pinnacle communicate with the chairman of *Cheerful Letter* at headquarters before continuing the correspondence?

A library for children and also for nurses has been sent to the Cottage Hospitals for children at Baldwinville, Mass. The superintendent has sent a letter expressing appreciation and extending the thanks of the institution to those who have helped in their work.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE BOY'S PLACE IN THE HOME.

III.

My conclusion is that by calling upon the principle of compensation a boy may be made happy in a home where he is obliged to restrain such entirely natural impulses as to stamp and dance in heavy shoes on a hard-wood floor, to shout and halloo and utter catcalls, to whistle and indulge in a vocal exercise which he calls singing, to pitch a heavy baseball in the hall of a flat, and to revel in various other sports too numerous to mention which no mother of boys will have difficulty in recalling and classifying.

Those who have championed the abused and put-upon boys I have restricted in these

varieties of recreation have told me that it is as natural for a boy to do this sort of thing as for a young colt to roll on his back, to toss up his heels and whinny aloud in a pasture. Granted, but boys are not colts, nor are they in a pasture. They are the young of the human species, set in families who are often obliged to live in city apartment houses, occupied by other members of the same race, who have as good a right as small boys to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Against the individual prerogative I set the solidarity of society and to my mind the latter has the casting vote!

Now let me lay a moment's stress upon the principle of compensation I have referred to. One of these compensations would, to my mind, be found in such a room as I have suggested for the boy and the freedom to bring his friends to it when he pleased. In connection with them I would advise a generous amount of self-control on the part of you who are mothers as to the condition of the room after the boys have had a séance in it.

LET HIM PLAY HOST.

Grant the boy the privilege of having his friends to meals as often as you can conveniently arrange for it. Perhaps you are among those fortunate ones who have a large family with a big table where the addition of an extra plate counts for little. If such is the case, your way is simple. Should there be several sons to plan for, consider a system of rotation, that each one may have his guests in a fair ratio. If your family is so small so that it is desirable to have a little notice in advance before adding another hearty boy's appetite to those you have reckoned for, fix on a certain time when your boy may ask a friend in to dinner or supper. Boys are delightfully uncritical creatures, bless their hearts! Give them a cordial welcome and plenty of food, and they will never miss frills of serving.

Study other compensations for the abstinence from natural racketing you are obliged to demand from your boy while he is at home. Provide him chances to let off steam elsewhere, in places intended for just such relaxations. Send him out into the open on holidays and give him the means of pursuing any athletic sport which attracts him. Be sure that there is a good playground connected with the school he attends. Encourage him to work in the gymnasium.

All the compensation you offer the boy need not be limited to the possession of a pleasant room and the other privileges I have men-

NATURAL HISTORY.

TREE SPARROW.

tioned. Don't forget that, when he displays the consideration demanded of him in a well-regulated family, he is putting a restraint upon himself you can hardly understand, no matter how close your sympathy with him. Many comments have been made upon the wonderful self-control displayed by the child who submits without protest to a prohibition or grants prompt obedience to a command beyond his comprehension. Largely a matter of habit possibly, but there is a great deal of thought going on inside that small head; and, oftener than we imagine, we parents are being haled before a child's mental judgment seat and condemned unreservedly or with a recommendation to mercy.—*Christine Terhune Herrick, in the Woman's Home Companion.*

THE FRIENDLY STARS.

JANUARY: ORION.

Next to the Great Dipper, Orion is probably the most widely known of all the constellations. It contains more bright stars than any other single group, and is the only constellation visible in our latitude that contains as many as two stars of the first magnitude. These two stars are Betelgeuse and Rigel. Betelgeuse marks the right shoulder of Orion, and Rigel is in the left foot. (As we look at the constellation, Betelgeuse is in the upper left-hand, Rigel below, at the right.) The color of Betelgeuse is deep red, tinged with orange. It is a variable star, passing irregularly from its brightest to its duldest stage of lucidity.

About fifteen or twenty minutes after Betelgeuse has appeared, Rigel comes sparkling into view. It is a very bright white star, and, although it rises about fifteen minutes later than Betelgeuse, it sets nearly two hours earlier.

Ballatrix, which marks the left shoulder of the giant, is of second magnitude, but still a very brilliant star.

During November and December Orion becomes a familiar figure in the evening skies, rising a little earlier each evening, until during the week on each side of New Year's Day he appears in the east just as daylight fades.—*"The Friendly Stars," Martha Evans Martin.*

Love, the true love of God, is the love of his truth, of his holiness, of his whole will; the true love is that which reflects itself in obedience; the true love is that which stirs and purifies the conscience.—*Vinet.*

Top of head reddish brown; small black spot on centre of breast; back streaked with reddish brown; breast washed with brownish; upper half of bill black, lower half yellow. Length about six and one-quarter inches.

Geographic Distribution.—Eastern North America; breeds in Labrador and the region about Hudson Bay; south in winter through eastern United States; west to the edge of the Great Plains.

There are two birds with which the tree sparrow might possibly be confused,—the chipping and field sparrows,—although it is much larger than either. If one knows what to look for, however, the field can easily be distinguished by its reddish bill, and the chippy and tree told apart by the indistinct black spot on the centre of the breast of the tree. Of course, none of the three can be confused with the song sparrow, because its breast is heavily streaked, while theirs are plain.

In the fall, when most other birds have left Northern New York, the tree sparrow appears in the woodland pastures, and in Illinois it is one of the commonest and most friendly winter residents, as Mr. Ridgway says, coming "familiarily about the door-yards and gardens, gleaning from the snow in company with snowbirds (*Junco hyemalis*) and other winter residents. During the warmer days of winter, or even if the weather be cold, though clear, the rich medley of soft, jingling notes uttered by a number of individuals of this species is not excelled for sweetness by any bird notes." Mr. Bicknell gives two of its call notes, the customary chip, and "a low double note, which is uttered mainly while the bird is feeding." He says that "this simple and slightly musical sound from many birds busily feeding together produces a low conversational chirping, so pleasantly modulated as to seem an unconscious expression of contented companionship."

The tree sparrow is a striking illustration of the good done by seed-eating birds, for Prof. Beal has calculated that in Iowa alone this little bird destroys 875 tons of noxious weed seeds every year.—*"Birds of Village and Field," Florence A. Merriam.*

A VISIT TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

I have seen Florence Nightingale, seen and talked with her in her beautiful old age! Probably no one else in these United States, and few in England, have had this rare privilege. For many years she has been a confirmed invalid, and has lived in extreme retirement. Her heroic labors for the soldiers in the Crimean War ruined her health irretrievably.

"It will be impossible to see her!" So people said. Fortunately there were tokens of the olden time to conjure. Was not she the old friend of my parents? Was not I her god-daughter, the little baby, now grown to woman's estate, to whom she had sent across the wide ocean a unique christening gift,—a beautiful set of Knight's Shakespeare?

It marks the character of the woman that she should have sent the most precious heritage of English verse, with its galaxy of noble heroines, instead of the usual prosaic silver mug or porringer. Did she not wish to stimulate the imagination of her little American namesake, to set before her high and worthy examples to imitate?

Another gift had come across the high seas to my mother,—a slender bracelet, made, after the fashion of that day, of Florence Nightingale's own hair, with a little gold heart for a clasp, and many letters for Dr. and Mrs. Howe.

I still have the golden heart!

From my father, too, whose rescue of the imprisoned soul of Laura Bridgman had thrilled the pulses of the civilized world, Miss Nightingale had sought counsel as to the propriety of an English gentlewoman's embarking on the career which she afterward adopted. And the elder philanthropist bade her Godspeed in her undertaking.

Miss Nightingale's house at 10 South Street, Park Lane, is in Mayfair, the aristocratic quarter of London. There is nothing especially striking about it. It is a quiet and commodious dwelling, with an air of dignified simplicity and retirement, well befitting the quiet tastes of its noble-hearted mistress. Florence Nightingale's dislike of ostentation is well known. To serve her fellow-men and to relieve suffering have been the ruling passion of her life; but she has always shunned publicity, save as it might be necessary for the accomplishment of her work.

Upon my arrival I was shown into a reception-room on the ground floor. Here I was met by a young lady, Miss Cochrane, who was, I presume, the secretary. She told me

that Miss Nightingale had been interested in my letter, and would enjoy seeing me. Only she warned me not to stay long, and to leave if my hostess seemed tired. Presently the nurse called me, and we ascended some flights of stairs, till we reached a large, pleasant room. Here I was ushered into the presence of Florence Nightingale.

She was reclining in bed, propped up by pillows. A soft woollen shawl was around her shoulders. Her gray hair, still thick, and not so white as that of most persons of her age (over eighty), was parted in the middle and brushed smoothly down on each side beneath a plain cap. Her features were strong, the nose slightly aquiline, the eyes bright, apparently gray. She reminded me of Ralph Waldo Emerson in a certain shrewd and kindly look which seemed to betoken a strong sense of humor. Her complexion was good, her color also, with something of the English ruddiness. Her voice was strong and full, an unusual thing in a person of her age. A pad and pencil lay beside her, with which she made some notes in the course of our talk.

"What a dear old lady!" I said to myself as I looked at her. I had been warned that I must myself do the greater part of the talking, as it would not do to fatigue my distinguished hostess. In her "Notes on Nursing" she gives these vigorous and sensible hints for just such a visit as I was making:—

"Do you who are about the sick, or who visit the sick, try and give them pleasure, remember to tell them what will do so. How often in such visits *the sick person has to do the whole conversation*, exerting his own imagination and memory, while you would take the visitor, absorbed in his own anxieties, making no effort of memory or imagination, for the sick person. . . . A sick person does so enjoy hearing good news, for instance, of a love and courtship while in progress to a good ending." (How glad I am to think that I had the sense to tell her two of my sons had taken wives unto themselves. "I am glad they are married," said the dear lady. Although she had not had this happiness herself, she rejoiced unselfishly in that of other people.)

"A sick person also intensely enjoys hearing of any *material* good, any positive or practical success of the right. He has so much of books and fiction, of principles and precepts and theories: do, instead of advising him with advice he has heard at least fifty times before, tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded practically—*it is like a day's health to him*. You have no

idea what the craving of the sick, with undiminished power of thinking, but little power of doing, is to hear of good practical action, when they can no longer partake in it."

Instead of repining at her enforced inactivity, and grieving over her sufferings, like the usual egotistical invalid, this glorious soul found its health and strength in hearing of the good works of others. What wonder that her presence was like a benediction! People ask, "Is she alone in her old age?"

It was evident that she was shielded and tended with thoughtful care and kindness. One could not associate the idea of loneliness with her, although she had survived most of her contemporaries and near relatives. Perhaps a glorious, though invisible, company made that quiet room so bright and cheerful. The spirits of the brave men to whom she had ministered in the days of her youth and vigor, did they not hover about her pillow? Did not the blessings of the wounded soldiers, who kissed her shadow as it passed along the hospital wall, still strengthen and uphold her?

But it must not be thought that she was absorbed in memories of the past. Miss Nightingale was up to date and interested in the questions of the day. We talked of many things, and she was a most sympathetic listener. The questions she asked showed what close attention she paid to the conversation. She had, be it said, that most important gift, a strong sense of humor. Thus she was decidedly amused at my Quixotic idea that the Elgin marbles in the British Museum ought to be returned to the Acropolis.

"Why do not you suggest this to Parliament?" Miss Nightingale asked.

Miss Nightingale's sense of hospitality would not permit me to leave without partaking of some refreshment. As we sat chatting together, afternoon tea was brought for my delectation.

I was reluctant to leave her serene and beautiful presence: but, remembering the caution of the secretary, and feeling upon honor, as I had been left alone with my distinguished hostess, I arose in due season to take my leave. I shall not soon forget the sweetness and fulness of the voice in which the dear lady bade me farewell. I seem to hear that "Good-bye" still ringing in my ears, and repeated more than once as a sort of benediction.

"The Lady with the Lamp," who watched over the sick soldiers, flitting from room to room when all others slept, lived to see her work multiplied a thousand-fold and spread

all over the earth. What wonder that the evening of her days was serene and happy, in the thought of so much suffering saved, so much blessing gained to the children of men.
—*Florence Howe Hall, in Harper's Bazar.*

MARGARET FULLER.

(Continued from last number.)

Practical questions in plenty the days and months brought her to settle,—questions requiring all her wisdom, and sometimes more than all. None recurs with more frequency, at one period, in her journals, than the debate with herself, whether she shall make literature a profession. Shall it be woman, or shall it be artist?

These practical problems Margaret had to entertain and to solve the best way she could. She says truly, "There was none to take up her burden whilst she slept." But she was formed for action, and addressed herself quite simply to her part. She was a woman, an orphan, without beauty, without money; and these negatives will suggest what difficulties were to be surmounted where the tasks dictated by her talents required the good will of "good society," in the town where she was to teach and write. But she was even-tempered and erect; and, if her journals are sometimes mournful, her mind was made up, her countenance beamed courage and cheerfulness around her. Of personal influence, speaking strictly,—an efflux, that is, purely of mind and character, excluding all effects of power, wealth, fashion, beauty, or literary fame,—she had an extraordinary degree, I think more than any person I have known. An interview with her was a joyful event. Worthy men and women who had conversed with her could not forget her, but worked bravely on in the remembrance that this heroic approver had recognized their aims. She spoke so earnestly that the depth of the sentiment prevailed, and not the accidental expression, which might chance to be common. Thus I learned, the other day, that, in a copy of Mrs. Jameson's "Italian Painters," against a passage describing Correggio as a true servant of God in his art, above sordid ambition, devoted to truth, "one of those superior beings of whom there are so few," Margaret wrote on the margin, "And yet all might be such." The book lay long on the table of the owner, in Florence, and chanced to be read there by a young artist of much talent. "These words," said he, months afterwards, "struck out a new strength in

me. They revived resolutions long fallen away, and made me set my face like a flint."

But Margaret's courage was thoroughly sweet in its temper. She accused herself in her youth of unamiable traits, but in all the later years of her life it is difficult to recall a moment of malevolence. The friends whom her strength of mind drew to her, her good heart held fast; and few persons were ever the objects of more persevering kindness. Many hundreds of her letters remain, and they are alive with proofs of generous friendship given and received.

She was a right brave and heroic woman. She shrunk from no duty because of feeble nerves. Although, after her father died, the disappointment of not going to Europe with Miss Martineau and Mrs. Farrar was extreme, and her mother and sister wished her to take her portion of the estate and go, and, on her refusal, entreated the interference of friends to overcome her objections, Margaret would not hear of it, and devoted herself to the education of her brothers and sisters, and then to the making a home for the family. She was exact and punctual in money matters, and maintained herself, and made her full contribution to the support of her family, by the reward of her labors as a teacher and in her conversation classes.

But Margaret crowned all her talents and virtues with a love of truth and the power to speak it. In great and in small matters she was a woman of her word, and gave those who conversed with her the unspeakable comfort that flows from plain dealing. Her nature was frank and transparent, and she had a right to say, as she says in her journal,—

"I have the satisfaction of knowing that in my counsels I have given myself no air of being better than I am."

Margaret suffered no vice to insult her presence, but called the offender to instant account when the law of right or of beauty was violated. She needed not, of course, to go out of her way to find the offender, and she never did; but she had the courage and the skill to cut heads off which were not worn with honor in her presence. Others might abet a crime by silence if they pleased. She chose to clear herself of all complicity by calling the act by its name.

It was curious to see the mysterious provocation which the mere presence of insight exerts in its neighborhood. Like moths about a lamp, her victims voluntarily came to judgment. Conscious persons, encumbered with egotism; vain persons, bent

on concealing some mean vice; arrogant reformers, with some halting of their own; the compromisers, who wished to reconcile right and wrong,—all came and held out their palms to the wise woman, to read their fortunes, and they were truly told. Many anecdotes have come to my ear, which show how useful the glare of her lamp proved in private circles, and what dramatic situations it created. But these cannot be told. . . . Yet I incline to quote the testimony of one witness, which is so full and so pointed that I must give it as I find it:—

"I have known her, by the severity of her truth, mow down a crop of evil like the angel of retribution itself, and could not sufficiently admire her courage. A conversation she had with Mr. —, just before he went to Europe, was one of these things; and there was not a particle of ill-will in it, but it was truth which she could not help seeing and uttering, nor he refuse to accept.

"My friends told me of a similar verdict, pronounced upon Mr. — at Paris, which they said was perfectly tremendous. They themselves sat breathless. Mr. — was struck dumb; his eyes fixed on her with wonder and amazement, yet gazing, too, with an attention which seemed like fascination. When she had done, he still looked to see if she was to say more, and, when he found she had really finished, he arose, took his hat, said faintly, 'I thank you,' and left the room. He afterwards said to Mr. —: 'I never shall speak ill of her. She has done me good.' And this was the greater triumph, for this man had no theories of impersonality, and was the most egotistical and irritable of self-lovers, and was so unvarnished that one had to hope in charity that his organ for apprehending truth was deficient."—*R. W. Emerson, in Life of Margaret Fuller.*

TO MARGARET.

"I mark beneath thy life the virtue shine
That deep within the star's eye opes its
day;
I clutch the gorgeous thoughts thou throw-
'st away
From the profound unfathomable mine,
And with them this mean common hour do
twine,
As glassy waters on the dry beach play.
And I were rich as night, them to combine
With my poor store, and warm me with
thy ray.

From the fixed answer of those dateless eyes
 I meet bold hints of spirit's mystery
 As to what's past, and hungry prophecies
 Of deeds to-day, and things which are to
 be;
 Of lofty life that with the eagle flies,
 And humble love that clasps humanity."
 —Anonymous.

[This sonnet is quoted by Mr. Emerson;
 but he does not give the name of the writer.]

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answer to the puzzle on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

NEW YEAR ENIGMA.

My whole, of 52 letters, is two lines of a celebrated poem suitable for New Year. 6-16-27-8-10-13 44-7-31-46-22-29 is a country of North America. 13-40-50-2-24-37 52-36-35-39-20-48-1 is an eminent American statesman and orator, born Jan. 18, 1782. 7-10-19-28-34-45-51-3 is the surname of the English poet who wrote the poem from which these lines are taken. 25-42-15-4-9-20 is the surname of two aeronauts, residents of Dayton, Ohio. 17-11-32-30-48-14 is the kind of wood of which the ark was built. 33-47-43-23-5-29-26-31-32-21-18-41-40-12-38-34 is after the manner of a phonograph.

—"American Boy."

II.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a word meaning to ensnare;
 Behead me, and I am a gentle knock.
2. I am a word meaning a change of direction;
 Behead me, and I am a small utensil.
3. I am a word meaning a quick jerk;
 Behead me, and I am an uncanny personage.
4. I am a word meaning to twist together;
 Behead me, and I am an intoxicating beverage.
5. I am a word meaning to upbraid;
 Behead me, and I am a word meaning cleverness.

—Selected.

III.

LITERARY CONTEST.

Fill blank spaces with the titles of popular novels.

In the village of W—— was the famous prison H—— O—— M——, which contained several prisoners; among them was H—— E——, arrested in connection with the L—— C——. T—— D—— of the prisoner was granted by the L—— G—— upon the petition of the D—— A——.

IV.

PI.

Tar si goln, dan miet si feltineg,
 Nad ruo ehtrats, hotguh tostu nda varbe,
 Listl, kile fumfeld rudms, era tabegin
 Refanle harmsec ot het varge.

V.

SOUBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?—

1. Conqueror of Pharsala.
2. The youth who all things subdued but himself.
3. Father of his Country.
4. Hero of Thermopylae.
5. Father of History.

Answers to the puzzles in the December number
 (continued).

I. ZIGZAD.—J A U N T
 P U P P Y
 B E L O W
 B R A I D
 C H I N A
 B R O W N
 C H A S M
 C R A T E
 D O R I C
 T H R E E
 P R O B E
 P R O W L
 S P A D E

II. ENIGMA.—God bless us, every one.

III. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.—Christmas.

IV. CONNECTED TRIANGLES.—Upper Triangle: 1. Blear. 2. Lean. 3. Ear. 4. An. 5. R. Middle Triangle: 1. Clear. 2. Loan. 3. Ear. 4. An. 5. R. Lower Triangle: 1. Spear. 2. Pean. 3. Ear. 4. An. 5. R.

FOUND IT OUT LONG AFTER.

A lonely sentry, pacing his beat along a river-bank during the Civil War, sang softly to himself, "Jesus, lover of my soul." A sharp-shooter across the narrow river saw and heard him. He took aim, and was about to fire, when he heard these words, "Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing." His rifle dropped, and the sentry lived.

Years afterwards they met. "When I saw you that night," said the sharp-shooter, "singing as you walked, I determined to kill you; but, when I heard you cry, 'Cover my defenceless head, I could as soon have shot my mother.'"

The Spirit of God that prompted the sentry's hymn unnerved the hand, and lowered the rifle of the intended destroyer. God was near that man, though he knew it not, and His unseen presence, mightier than a bastion of steel, shielded his life from harm. More wonderful still, he made him wait thirty years before letting him find out. This should be very precious to our doubting hearts, and silence all hard reproaches that we raise.

HE WILL DO IT.

In a children's meeting a manly little boy, really anxious to be a Christian, said: "But I can't, for all the boys swear and do other bad things, and I can't go off by myself. I like to have fun with the boys."

He was asked to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and, when he came to the words "deliver us from evil," the worker interrupted him by asking, "Who is it we ask to do that?"

"Our Father."

"Can He do it?"

A moment only he hesitated, then said, "Yes, He can and will."

"Can't you trust Him, then, to deliver you from evil?"

"Yes,"

"Will you trust Him one week to keep you from swearing and doing other things that will grieve Him, and, when you are tempted, just whisper in His ear, 'Deliver me from evil?'"

Tears were in his eyes as he gave his hand with his promise. The next week one of the first to greet the evangelist was the little boy.

He was asked, "Well, my boy, how has the week been?"

"All right," he said, brightly; then, lowering his voice, "but two times I forgot to whisper, and got mad and swore."

After a little talk about repenting when we have done wrong and how to repent, he was

asked, "Can you not trust the Father to keep you now?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "for it wasn't hard only the two times, and then I forgot to whisper."

Reliance on an Almighty God will bring deliverance from enemies.

FROM MY NURSERY.

When I was a little child,
Said my passionate nurse, and wild,
"Wash you, children, clean and white;
God may call you any night."

Close my tender brother clung,
While I said, with doubtful tongue:
"No, we cannot die so soon;
For you told, the other noon,

"Of those months in order fine
That should make the earth divine.
I've not seen, scarce five years old,
Months like those of which you told."

Softly, then, the woman's hand
Loosed my frock from silken band,
Tender smoothed the fiery head,
Often shamed for ringlets red.
Somewhat gently did she say,
"Child, those months are every day."

Still, methinks, I wait in fear,
For that wonder-glorious year—
For a spring without a storm,
Summer honey-dewed and warm,
Autumn of robuster strength,
Winter piled in crystal length.

I will wash me clean and white;
God may call me any night.
I must tell Him when I go
His great year is yet to know,—
Year when workings of the race
Shall match Creation's dial face;
Each hour be born of music's chime,
And Truth eternal told in Time.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting
hours,
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine
flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's
immortal bowers.

—*Carlos Wilcox.*

Continue the work for the world that the dead ones loved, and so see to it that earth loses as little as possible by their departure.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will take place on Friday, January 6, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

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Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.